Eggnog

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Eggnog

by ishipthemsogoddamnhard

Summary

Will and Hannibal share a tipsy first kiss. Post-fall Christmas fluff.

Notes

Written for my 500 follower fic giveaway winning prompt: Hannibal teaching Will something and fluff.

Also for the HanniHolidays prompt: Day 5 - Eggnog

“I think I’ll stick to the whiskey straight.” Will assured Hannibal with a small smile, carrying the bottle over to him. “That stuff’s like dessert, this is liquor, they should be two different things.” He chuckled, earning him a pout as Hannibal poured some into his homemade eggnog and expertly blended the mixture.

“Have you heard of Tiramisu, Will?” Hannibal raised a questioning eyebrow but he knew it was pointless. Will liked what he liked. “Suit yourself...but my desserts are perfect.” Hannibal softened into a self-congratulatory smirk as he tested his concoction and, deeming it worthy, poured himself a glass.

It was December, many months since the fall, and this easy companionship had become their new normal. The Alpine cabin location meant the snow had been coming down for days now, quietly obliterating what was left of the calendar with white. There was only one thing that seemed to grow stronger as the year lost it’s hold…

The weather had turned steadily harsher in the last few weeks leading them to spend more and more time indoors and in each other’s company. That overwhelming pull towards each other, the one that they had managed to shelve that fateful night, was being nurtured in the dark evenings and fed by the firelight. More times than they could count now, there had been a look that lasted too long, an accidental touch that made the pulse race, a sleepless fevered night.

The conversation meandered away as night fell, the whiskey was finished and Will was forced to join Hannibal on the eggnog, since that’s where most of his single malt had gone anyway. They went from talking about eggnog, to other festive traditions, to Christmas, to music, to dance and somehow it was hours later and Hannibal was tipsy in his shirt sleeves, trying to teach an equally tipsy Will to waltz.

“Hannibal...shit!” Will startled as he lost his balance and tried to take a step backwards, his leg meeting unexpected solid behind him awkwardly and he gripped at Hannibal instinctively in panic as he fell. He landed on his back on the chenille-upholstered couch and gazed up at Hannibal, draped as he was on top of him, both a touch bemused and with the wind knocked out of them. They both laughed shyly before their eyes met again, smiles melting away to something else. Silence but for the burning logs.

The static of tension that seemed to crackle constantly nowadays in the small spaces between them, was almost palpable in such abruptly close proximity. Will blushed pink. Hannibal ran his tongue along his lower lip as he tried to gauge the younger man's reaction. Did his face colour so prettily with embarrassment, or the alcohol...or heat of another kind?

"Will…" He started, but he didn't get far as Will raised the hand that was around his shoulder to his hair and grabbed, pulling Hannibal slowly towards him.

"Just kiss me…" Will whispered, the sound lost between them at the soft first meeting of lips. Slow and tender and passionate.

It tasted like liquor...and dessert...and it was perfect.

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